Powers HEY, WHERE T= POWERS YES, I SHOULD SO LOYE TO SEE CONEY ISLAND. BUNCH OF KILLJOYS. CANT DO A THING BUT MAGGIE'S SCANDLIZED AN' ADY FINGERS TOO GIVES ME A CRICK IN M'NECK. POOH-POOH FOR THAT TES. BUNCH. I'LL GO T FF FOR A LITTLE THIP ON ME OWN HOOK ENRY

Best Wit and Humor by Famous Artists for Young and Old

Groucho the Monk. The Skipper's Fate







TALK ABOUT



VULGAR PLACE, BUT ONE CANNOT AVOID COM

H' MATTER WITH ME TAKIN' TH' WHOLE BUNCH OF YOU

DOWN INMY

IN CONTACT WITH THE GREAT UNWASHED AT TI.



WITHOUT a start, this yarn of the Was spun by the bosun's mate; And, false or sincere, he shed a tear O'er the captain's mournful fate. Since I was a nipper there was never

no skipper (Says he) of the hundreds I know Like Captain Skinks, whose heart,

Was soft as a piece of dough. He'd get mushy as pie at the flash of

Though you couldn't have called him a flirt-But somehow the cap could be steered

like a yap By anything rigged in a skirt, Now the poor fellow's wife was the fear

of his life-His skipper instead of his mate-And thus great was his glee when we put out to sea,

Unconscious of what was in wait.

We had sinkers and butter consigned to Calcutter. And was only a day from the beach. When we sees in the foam a gal with

And-on, she was simply a peach! She had long golden hair and an inner-And for skirts she was wearing a tail,

And soft-hearted Skinks he mutters "B Jinks!" And kangaroos over the rail.

By a ten-to-one chance we gets hold of his pants And snags him back onto the deck,

Where he spluttered and slid and muttered "You kid!" Till the mate picks him up by the neck,

When at last we gets home, that dive in the foam Is, of course, tipped off to his wife, And she handles him rough till be hollers enough,
And barely escapes with his life.
And on his next trip, who sails with the

Mrs. Skinks, as sure as you're born— And the forecastle laughs and the officers chaffs,
And the skipper's an object of scorn.
As he paced on the poop, he'd shrivel and droop
Till he looked like a second-hand tallor;
He let cargo and ship and voyage go rip,
And forgot how to cuss like a sallor.
But on nearing the land he at last took

a hand,
To give the first mate a relief—
So he said—but what luck! in two minutes we struck,
And found ourselves fast on a reef!

was fate,
Or maybe 'twas plain sui-cide,
But Skinks lost his life and thus weathered his wife,
While the rest of us dove overside."

(Argonaut.) The story of the naming of Ypsilanti, Michigan, dates back to the time of the Greek Revolution. Some feeling arose over a name for the town and a meeting was held at which the admirers of General Demetrius Ypsilanti, the Greek general who was important as a leader for the people, won, and the Greek name was given to the city.

POPPER:

Never Again! By T. E. Powers.



If It Weren't for Father









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YOU

BEHAVE !

THE TICKLER

HAW! HAW! B'GEE - AINT

LADY FINGERS YOU AN'

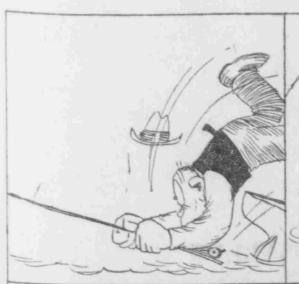
TICKLER , MAGGIE DONT SEEM TO

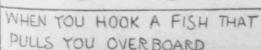
STUNTS .













AND YOU LOSE YOUR TACKLE



WHY DOES THE FISH BREAK AWAY WHEN YOU HAVE HIM



WHY DO YOUR FRIENDS DOUBT YOUR STORY

Little Bobbie's Pa

from skool last nite I was singling a song which the teacher had taught us. It was called "Merrily, merrily I glide In my little red cance, near the brooklet's side."

What kind of popular songs are them wich you are singling, sed Pa. I wish you wuddent cum around the house singling all this trash. Cut it out, sed Pa.

Let littel Bobbie sing if he wants to, sed Ma. It is one (1) of his few pleshurs, & I doant think you ought to denie him that.

I doant mind him singing, sed Pa, but wen he sings he ought to sing a nice song, one of them clever songs for wich I am famus for. I like to hear my son warbel, but I doant like to see him wasting his pipes on bum lyrics.

Then what shall I sing, I askd Pa. Sing sumthing nice & nifty, like the lights was burning low.

In a quiet New England village when the lights was burning low.

A woman sat a-waiting for the man she worshiped so.

He was her darling husband, the handsum sum of the had sed that he wud cum at promptly half past ten.

Jest then he knocked upon the door & came into the place his deer wife was greeted with a love tap on the face.

She seezed a mission rocker & she copped him on the head, & as he took the count of ten (10) these few sad words she sed:

CHORUS.

How dare you strike a woman, you loafing cowardly crook?

Hewings, list his the person whose naim 1 laitly took.

I see you stretched upon the floor & hope you won't git up, For a man that strikes a woman, sir, wud beat a helpless pup.

That is a fine song sed Ma. It served him right too. I am vary keen for

HEN I caim hoam Strike a Woman. This is how it goes, nite I was singing a sent

Then what shall I sing, I askd Pa.

Sing sumthing nice & nifty, like the song wich I have jest published. I sent this song to a man named Edwards, Pa sed, but it hasent came back yet. Maybe I will nevver git it.

Why dident you enclose a stamp to Mister Edwards, sed Ma.

I was afrade he wud keep the stamp, Pa sed. I know him. But anyhow, I will sing this song for you & littel Bobble. It is called How Dare You lying on the floor.

wud beat a helpless pup.

That is a fine song sed Ma. It served him right too. I am vary keen for you have displayed for sum time. In fack, Ma sed, played for sum time. In fack, Ma sed, pl

There's a Reason

